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according to order.

VILLAGE DIRECTORY.

MONTCLAIR R. R. TIME TABLE.			
Leave	Arrive	Leave	Arrive
Mt. Pleasant	Newark	Newark	Mt. Pleasant
8:00 A. M.	8:15 A. M.	8:15 A. M.	8:30 A. M.
9:00 A. M.	9:15 A. M.	9:15 A. M.	9:30 A. M.
10:00 A. M.	10:15 A. M.	10:15 A. M.	10:30 A. M.
11:00 A. M.	11:15 A. M.	11:15 A. M.	11:30 A. M.
12:00 P. M.	12:15 P. M.	12:15 P. M.	12:30 P. M.
1:00 P. M.	1:15 P. M.	1:15 P. M.	1:30 P. M.
2:00 P. M.	2:15 P. M.	2:15 P. M.	2:30 P. M.
3:00 P. M.	3:15 P. M.	3:15 P. M.	3:30 P. M.
4:00 P. M.	4:15 P. M.	4:15 P. M.	4:30 P. M.
5:00 P. M.	5:15 P. M.	5:15 P. M.	5:30 P. M.
6:00 P. M.	6:15 P. M.	6:15 P. M.	6:30 P. M.
7:00 P. M.	7:15 P. M.	7:15 P. M.	7:30 P. M.
8:00 P. M.	8:15 P. M.	8:15 P. M.	8:30 P. M.

Trains stop in Bloomfield at Grove and at Broad
Sts. The train leaving New York at 9:30 A. M.
runs to Pompton Junction, returning arrives in New
York at 3:15 P. M. The train leaving New York at
9:30 A. M. runs in independently of the Midland
train.
Monthly commutation tickets may be obtained at
37 Montgomery St., Jersey City two blocks from
Ferry.
— THO. C. PURDY, Agt.

D. L. & W. R. R. TIME TABLE.

D. L. & W. R. R. TIME TABLE.			
Leave	Arrive	Leave	Arrive
Newark	Bloomfield	Bloomfield	Newark
6:55 A. M.	7:10 A. M.	7:10 A. M.	7:25 A. M.
7:25 A. M.	7:40 A. M.	7:40 A. M.	7:55 A. M.
8:15 A. M.	8:30 A. M.	8:30 A. M.	8:45 A. M.
9:00 A. M.	9:15 A. M.	9:15 A. M.	9:30 A. M.
10:00 A. M.	10:15 A. M.	10:15 A. M.	10:30 A. M.
11:00 A. M.	11:15 A. M.	11:15 A. M.	11:30 A. M.
12:00 P. M.	12:15 P. M.	12:15 P. M.	12:30 P. M.
1:00 P. M.	1:15 P. M.	1:15 P. M.	1:30 P. M.
2:00 P. M.	2:15 P. M.	2:15 P. M.	2:30 P. M.
3:00 P. M.	3:15 P. M.	3:15 P. M.	3:30 P. M.
4:00 P. M.	4:15 P. M.	4:15 P. M.	4:30 P. M.
5:00 P. M.	5:15 P. M.	5:15 P. M.	5:30 P. M.
6:00 P. M.	6:15 P. M.	6:15 P. M.	6:30 P. M.
7:00 P. M.	7:15 P. M.	7:15 P. M.	7:30 P. M.
8:00 P. M.	8:15 P. M.	8:15 P. M.	8:30 P. M.

Note.—On Friday nights a M. & E. train leaves
New York for Bloomfield and Montclair at 12 M.
Returning, leave Montclair at 1 P. M. and Bloomfield
at 1:15 P. M.

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Freemont street, Rev. D. Kennedy, D. D., Pastor. Ser-
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and 7 P. M. Sunday School 2 P. M.

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On the Park, Rev. W. W. Ballantine, Pastor. Services Sun-
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after morning service.

METH. EPISC. CHURCH.

Broad Street, Rev. E. W. Burr, Pastor. Services Sunday 10 A. M. and 7 P. M.
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GERMAN FREE CHURCH.

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Bloomfield's Local Paper.

1875.

THE THIRD YEAR

—OF—

The Bloomfield Record.

It will be the aim of the Publisher to make The
Record for the current year more VALUABLE THAN
EVER to the people of this community as

A FIRST CLASS

LOCAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

IN THE INTEREST OF ALL.

EVERY FAMILY IN BLOOMFIELD should take The

Record. It publishes
School Matters,
Church Affairs,
Real Estate Transactions,
Social Events of Public Interest,
Etc., Etc.

We have unequal facilities for gathering local

intelligence. Everything of importance appears
each week in The Record, thus forming a Com-
plete, Reliable and INTERESTING

History of the Village

and its vicinity, well worthy of preservation. Be-
sides local history, it is hoped to make the Cor-
respondence, Original and Selected Articles of
Literature, etc., rare and attractive as well as light-
ened and thoroughly moral in tendency.

S. M. HULIN, Publisher.

Office on Glenwood Ave., Near M. & E. Depot.

The Bloomfield Record.

S. M. HULIN, Publisher.

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER, BUT TRUTH IS THE FOUNDATION OF KNOWLEDGE.

Terms, \$1.50 Per Annum.

Vol. III. No. 23.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J. FRIDAY, JUNE 25, 1875.

Whole No. 127.

Professional and Business Cards.

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1875. D. W. SMITH. 1875.

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THE LITTLE GREEN POCKET-BOOK.

John Singleton stood on the street corner, waiting for his car. Business hours were over; he was going home—a bachelor's home in a boarding house, but none the less grateful in his imagination just then. A fine rain fell, the pavement was clogged with sticky, half melted snow, and altogether the evening was comfortless as evenings can well be in early April, when the cheering hope of warm suns and dry streets is immediately at hand.

The jingling car came by, crowded, as always at that hour of the day. Mr. Singleton had to run half a square in the mud to catch it, a proceeding which did not improve his temper. He clutched a strap, and glared gloomily at the ladies who monopolized seats, resentful, as a business man is apt to be, of the appearance of women in public conveniences at half-past five in the afternoon. Keeping his eyes on the straw under foot, he paid no attention whatever to his neighbors—if, indeed, one can be said to have such in a horse-railway carriage.

Sixteenth street—Twenty-fourth—Thirty-second—Fortieth. The car emptied rapidly. As the last lady left rose to get out, a small green book became visible, half hidden by the folds of her gown.

"I beg pardon—you have dropped something," said John, picking it up.

"This book—you dropped it." The old lady looked acidly, first at the book and then at John. "The article is not mine," she remarked frigidly. Then she got out.

Mr. Singleton was the sole remaining passenger. His impulse was to hand the book to the conductor, but a glance at that worthy's face checked him. "Better advertise," he thought; and signaling the car to stop, alighted in the mud of upper Broadway.

His landlady opened the door in a nervous flutter. "Oh, sir, it's you at last. There's a telegraphic boy has been waiting for you for ever so long."

Sure enough, there sat the boy; and the result of his message was that in a half an hour John Singleton was speeding his way to Western New York by the night express, a hastily packed satchel under his feet, and his head full of other business than that of finding owners to the lost property. The little green pocket-book remained behind in the pocket of the office coat slung aside at the moment of departure.

There it might have remained for months, if, diving one day, man fashion, after some lost article, his fingers had not happened to encounter it. This was a fortnight or so after his return.

"Hallo! what's this?" he said. It was a moment before he recollected. "Bless me! that is too bad. I had forgotten the thing completely. I must be looking up the owner if there's enough in it to pay for an advertisement."

He released the elastic strap and opened the pages. There was no money, no place for any. The little book was a diary, shabby, green bound, with no name on the title-page. Most of the leaves were blank, a few only being scribbled over in a light girlish handwriting. John glanced over these in search of a clue, and pretty soon growing interested, drew his chair to the fire, cocked up his feet, and began to read regularly.

The diary began:
"October 5.—Last night Alice and Tom and I went to Dr. Bellows's lecture. It was interesting. He said that the great thing in life is direction, that is, that no matter how far off our aims seem, if our faces are only set toward them we are sure to get there some day. In the very middle of the cold winter, he said, we turn a corner, and begin to go toward the spring, and it is as if we were there, because we are certain. That is beautiful. I shall try to recollect it when things seem especially contrary, as they do sometimes."

"October 8.—I have been making my winter bonnet, or rather warming over the old one, for it is Alice's turn to have the new this year. She ought to always, she has to see such stylish people in the houses where she teaches. The old brown felt doesn't look bad, considering it is its third appearance. I've steamed the velvet, and curled the feathers with a hot penknife, and tucked in a little blue bow, and Tom says its 'gorgeous.' Tom is always funny about my things."

"The pudding Tom likes so much!"
"Take eight large baking apples, pare, core, and lay them in a deep dish. Put a little sugar and a mite of cinnamon in each. Soak a tea-cupful of tapioca in a quart of lukewarm water for an hour, then pour on, and bake till the apples are pink and tender. Milk and sugar."

"Marianne gave me this recipe. Tom says he wishes he could have it three times a week, but I tell him apples are very expensive."

"November 1.—I've been to a party, quite a large one. It was at the Almys'. Helen Almy asked me, and papa said I might go for once; because it did no harm to see the variety of things. I think the variety of things is very pleasant! There was a great discussion over what I should wear. Alice invented a trimming for my poplin out of mamma's old blue silk, and lent me her locket and a pocket handkerchief trimmed with edging. Alice is so dear! I left my hair down my back, because Tom likes it best so, and the blessed boy made me a present of a pair of new gloves—lilies, pale yellow, with two buttons. I nearly cried over them, the poor fellow has so little money; but he said Flossy must be 'well' cost what it might. I had a rose for my hair out of Alice's bush, and altogether regarded myself as very fine, until I reached the Almys'. Then, as papa would say, I found my level for the girls were gorgeous, Lily in white silk, Helen in lovely silk erape, with her hair powdered. Oh, I can't pretend to remember, but they looked beautiful. After all, I had just as nice a time for I danced every dance, in spite of my old blue, the German included. Such a kind, pleasant boy took me in to supper, I spoiled my gloves by getting ice-cream on the thumb. Alice has put on benzine, but they won't ever look so nice again. However, I never expect to go to any more parties, so, except for their being dear Tom's present, it doesn't matter."

"Why, what a baby this is," soliloquized John Singleton at this point. "I didn't know that there were any such girls left."

"November 10.—Studied, read, practised, made gems for tea. Papa called them capital."

"November 15.—Ditto, ditto."

"Christmas day.—The owl for all his feathers is a cold. Just come from church. We decided not to give presents to each other this year, but spend the tiny bit we could spare on Mrs. Maloney and the chicks. Tom presented me with his india-rubber pencil, Mr. Squires having given him a new one."

"May 2.—How long it is since I wrote anything in my diary! All our time has gone to papa. He is better now; but how frightened we have been! It makes me shiver to recollect it. What could we do without papa? Now summer is near, and he will grow strong. Alice and I have lost so much sleep that we are drowsy as owls."

"June 5.—Papa is better, but Alice is all tired out. How hard it is to be poor when anybody is sick! I don't mind it in well times."

"August 10.—Papa feels a little weaker, but the doctor says it may be only the heat. I was thinking just now of the sea, the long, cool roof of the breakers, and the swash, the gulls diving and plunging, the crunching of the sand under foot, hard yet soft. How delicious it would be to feel it all again! Perhaps I shall dream about it to-night."

"August 11.—No; I dreamed instead that we were frying dough-

nuts in a hot kitchen. What a midsummer's dream! I'm afraid I have a vulgar mind!"

"October 4.—How little I guessed when I wrote such foolish words what was going to happen! Papa is dead. It was on the 17th of September. I can't write about it yet. Oh, papa!"

"Christmas again. Such a sad day! We three have been sitting over the register all the afternoon and making our plans. Papa's life insurance is all that we have to live on now. Tom must give up being a doctor, and take a clerk's place. Mr. Squires has found one for him. He is very brave, and does not say one word to show how disappointed he is; but we all know. I have written to ask Mrs. Morris to find me a place to teach children. Alice says I am too young, but I feel old, and if the children are not very big, I think I can manage. Anything is better than letting Alice work so hard. If no place opens as teacher, I shall try for something else, for do something I must."

"January 17.—Nothing yet, and dear, dear Alice has been ill for three weeks. She is a little better, or I don't know what I should do."

"March 17.—I have heard of a place in a shop—"

Here the writing broke off abruptly. John hastily turned over the remaining pages. Not another word, except, in pencil near the end, "Black ribbon, 37 cents; boy at crossing, 3 cents; oranges for Alice, 6 cents;" and underneath a single line: "Patience isn't always pleasant, but she leads to pleasant things."

"Here's a pretty business!" he soliloquized, stowing the little pocket-book in his breast pocket. "As well search for a needle in a haystack as for this girl out of all New York city. Why can't women write their names and addresses in full while they are about it?"

He took up a newspaper, but the letters danced before his eyes, and before long he had pulled out the book again and was re-reading the journal. An odd excitement stirred his pulses. For a good many years—in fact, since the age of nineteen, when his first love jilted him—he had counted himself a determined old bachelor, and having no mother or sister, had drifted out of the womankind and their interests. "Flossy's" simple record seemed to bring him back to this forgotten world. It was as if a girl had said out by his side and whispered her secrets in his ear. Visions of a sweet tired face behind a counter, of appealing blue eyes (he was certain they must be blue), of a veil of soft light hair (hair to match the eyes), swept over him, and all his knighthood was roused. Find her he must, and help her; but how? Never did search seem more unpromisingly devoid of clue.

To advertise, was, of course, his first thought. "Found, a small green pocket book," appeared next day among the "Personals" in the *Herald*, and was reiterated so many times thereafter as to become, as it were, a permanent feature of the paper. A singular rage for shopping seized upon John. Every afternoon, leaving his office early, he betook himself to this amusement, choosing always those shops where women were employed. No bride elect, with a tresson to betray, ever went into business more determinedly. Long stairs daunted him not; he penetrated to third stories, to fourth, even to those mysterious topmost regions where "ladies outfitting" is attended to. Everywhere he questioned, "Have you among your employees a young lady named Florence? I have accidentally come into possession of an article belonging to her which I am anxious to return."

But no one answered the advertisement; and though more than one Florence turned up in the shops, they were not the one, they had no connection with the little green pocket-book.

So May passed, and June and July, and when August drew on, and the city became a great focus of baking walls and evil savors, our friend, tough and active as he was, began to feel the need of a change. "Flossy's" words haunted him. "The long, cool roll and the swash, the gulls diving and plunging in the spray," they filled him with longing for the sea. He resolved on a vacation; and one sultry evening, after an hour's bumping on the railway, and a further jolt in a country wagon, he found himself at "Oriental Point," on the Long Island shore; a spot which had rejoiced in the name of Clam Cove until a recent re-christening at the hands of local speculators, whose imagination, fired by the completion of the branch railroad, and jumped forward to anticipated hotels and a crowd of metropolitan "boarders." Both hotels and crowd were happily non-existent so far, and the sylvan quiet of Clam Cove still brooded over Oriental Point. The red farm-houses scattered along the beach sufficed for the few strangers who had found out the place, and in one of these Mr. Singleton and his knapsack were received with a hearty country hospitality, which it was to be feared would disappear with the nearer approach of the ubiquitous steam-whistle.

Two days of basking in sun and salt, two nights of cool freshness, made him a new man. Utterly content and utterly lazy, he felt disposed for anything but to lie under the shade of rocks, watch the water come and go, and nap and dream.

It was on the fourth day of this oyster like existence that he was roused from a dozing reverie at the sound of voices speaking near. Some ladies had seated themselves just below him. One, dressed in mourning wrapped in a shawl, seemed an invalid. The other had dark red-brown hair streaming down over a cool-looking white and black dress. She was reading aloud Lowell's little poem, "Sea-Weed."

John caught the words distinctly. "I wonder what that means exactly?" she said as she finished. "It is very graceful—"

"Yes, but it's puzzling too—a fascinating puzzle. I'm always wondering if Mr. Lowell, when he wrote it, meant the same thing which I fancy he meant. It quite teases me."

"And yet you like it so much!" "Oh, that's the very reason. I like to be teased and set to thinking. Alice are you warm enough?" "John pricked up his ears. But this girl has dark hair."

"Thank—yes, I'm almost warm enough. Still, you might fetch the moon of that year looked down upon two extremely happy people, and when Christmas gladness dawned on the earth it found them happier still."

It was on the first delicious evening spent in their new home that John broke silence and told the tale of his treasure-trove. They sat together by the fire, and the sisters lowered their voices, and Flossy turned the worn page of the diary with a tender touch.

"Dear shabby old thing!" she murmured. "Yet it brought us together."

"And to think how I searched for you in all the shops of the city!" "Shops? Oh, I didn't go to the shop, you know. Aunt Marion died the very week after I wrote that, and left me two hundred dollars because I was named for her. I felt so rich as to be able to take Alice to the sea-shore. How little we guessed, when you came, and we grew to be friends, that all that time you had my old diary in your pocket!"

"And how little I guessed that the 'Flossy' I had hunted and dreamed about was close at hand! You'll make me Tom's pudding some day, won't you, although 'apples are expensive'?"

John gave a lawyer a bill to be collected to the amount of \$30. Calling for it, after awhile, he inquired if it had been collected. "Oh, yes," said the lawyer, "I have it all for you." "What charge for collecting?" "Oh," said the lawyer laughing, "I'm not going to charge you—why I have known you ever since you were a baby, and your father before you; \$30 will be about right," handing over \$10.

"Well," said Jones, as he meditated upon the transaction, "it's lucky he didn't know my grandfather, or I shouldn't have got anything!"

John comforted the good dame, whose face was full of trouble. After all, what did it matter? "Almy" lent a hand